
Title: Just a simple mason

Author: Elric Telamon

This tome is dedicated to
and about my late
grandfather, Joseph.
Yet most of you might
not know him, as he did
not slay any of the
powerful evil demons
dwelling in Sosaria, or
never has led an army to
victory, he still was
possibly the greatest hero
I ever met.
This is a tribute to him...

I remember my first
memories of him. As a
small child, I was always
fascinated with his big,
bruised hands.
He was a stonemason, and
he did work every single
day, shaping blocks of
perfectly cut stone.
His hands were often
torn, and he was a very
strong person.
Yet, whenever he picked
me up, he was very
careful, patting me softly,
caressing me without ever
hurting me accidentally.
I looked up to him,
because he knew many
secrets of our land... how
to ignite fires using
stones (which I
considered more
impressive than the
fire-spells of the mages
in town).
He knew many tales about
Sosarian heroes. Alas, he
had even seen Lord
British and the honorable
Dupré in person.
My grandfather never was

a fighter.

When the call to arms
was sent out in the past
(i.e. when the orcs
overran Trinsic) he
never followed it, always
claiming that his family
needed his support, and
someone had to earn the
gold to pay for our food.
Also, he pointed out that
someone had to take care
of the fields and farms
left behind by our
neighbours, who rushed to
battle.

When I became a bit
older, and started
dreaming about becoming a
mighty warrior, I started
to feel embarrassed by
what I thought was
cowardice.

It took many years for
me to learn that he did
not shy back from the
battle because of fear,
but because he knew that
even though many men
were needed at the
forefront of the battle,
some were needed back
home to keep the food
supply coming, to protect
the women and children
from roaming murderers
and rogues.

Back then, I did not
understand this, and I
lost respect for him.

At some point, I built
myself a bow, made from
wood I chopped off of a
tree, and the sinews of
an ox that was slain to
provide food for a village
celebration.

Even though I invested a
lot of time in creating
the bow, it of course
was not as good as the
ones sold by the
bowcrafters in town.

After all, I was no
fletcher, and becoming a
good bowmaker takes

years.

I did use this bow though,
trying to improve my
skills with it, as I had
decided to become an
archer.

One day, I was practicing
with it behind our humble
house.

Suddenly, I realized that
my grandfather was
sitting on a fallen tree
trunk, smoking a pipe,
watching me.

He said "Where did you
get the bow ?"

I was afraid he would
take it away, knowing he
was not fond of weapons.

However, I kinda felt
appaled by him not being
a warrior, and with a
slightly shaking voice, I
said "I made it !"

He smiled, and said "Is it
any good ?"

I looked at the crooked
bow in my hand... I never
was able to shoot a
straight arrow with it.

"No", I said "it's crooked.
Its no good at all".

He considered this, and
then said "Would you like
to have a real bow,
crafted by a bowcrafter
?"

I gasped, replying "But...
but... those are quite
expensive. But.. YES I
would love to have one".

Still smiling, he said
"Let's make a deal. I will
give you a chance to
earn half the money
needed to buy a decent
bow, and if you earn
that money, I will pay the
rest of it"

I was shocked, as I
hadn't expected that.

Of course I agreed, and
he took me to the local
stone pits, where I had
to pull huge pieces of
rock with a rope, had to
sharpen tools with a
flintstone, and bring the

masons food and water.
After endless weeks, I
had earned half of what I
knew a bow would cost.
On a sunny, warm day,
my grandfather told me
to get dressed to go to
town.

We went to the
bowcrafters store in
Skara Brae... on the way
there, he told me about
his youth and his family,
to pass the time.

I learned that he had
learned stonecrafting
from his dad, had started
working as a mason at y
very young age, and even
though it is not one of
the most profitiable
professions in our land,
he had worked hard
enough to pay for the
house I grew up in, and
to provide enough food in
order to sustain us all,
even after my parents
had been killed in the
forest by a group of
rogues.

Once at the bowyers
shop, I picked a bow I
felt attracted to right
away, and my grandfather
did pay the amount that
I was missing in order to
own that bow.

My grandmother was
shocked, as she did not
want me to dabble with
weapons.

Yet my grandfather said
"Let him... he will be a
great archer one day, and
he might be able to
protect us".

The years passed, and I
became a very good
archer. So I decided to
join the Yew Archers. On
the night that I was
accepted into the guild by
Lord Arrow of Yew, I
went to my grandfather,
who was sitting on that
same tree trunk, again
smoking a pipe.

I said "Grandpa, I am leaving. I will join the Yew Archers, protecting the town, hunting down demons and murderers. I will need to move to another part of the continent, but I will send some of the gold I earn"

He looked at me for a long time. Then, he said "I am sad to see you leave. But let me tell you something, and I want you to always remember this: Whatever you do, wherever you go... as long as you are doing what you feel you need to do, as long as you're following your inner voice and are happy to do what you are doing, I am content, and will always welcome you here if you want to visit. And I will always be proud of you". These words shook me, and I hugged him desperately, hiding my tears.

And I noticed that even though he had never faced a dragon or battled the orcs, he indeed was a hero, as he had dedicated his life into his craft, going to work every day, working hard to support our family and feed us. Never going away to look for adventures or freedom, he had done everything to provide us with food and a roof above our head, and had always been there to counsel us, teach us, help us.

And I still strive to be as brave as him... not running away from the challenge of supporting a family, from getting up each day to face a day of hard work and torn hands, just to bring home a few coins to buy food

for us.

Years later, he passed
away from old age, and I
was right by his side
when he did, and wept at
his grave.

I still miss him, yet I
still go by some of the
advice he had given me,
still apply things he had
taught me (like igniting
a fire with two stones),
and I know he is looking
down at me, smiling and
being proud of me.

He might not have
brought dragon scales to
the halls of Lord British,
yet he was a true hero,
and an honorable, ahrd
working and wise person
who deserves just as
much respect as a paladin
or member of the Royal
Brittanian Guard.

And to this day, before I
mount my Charger Of
The Fallen, to follow Lord
Arrow Of Yew into
battle, I whisper to
myself... "Thanks for the
bow and the faith,
grandpa. I am happy doing
what I do, and I hope to
be as good at it as you
were as a father and a
mason one day. Hope
you're proud of me"

I will not forget him, and
this is a tribute to him